

## Smooth by nelliespector (ilmv)

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**Genre:** Age Difference, Boys want to be pretty too, Gender-Neutral Pronouns, Gender-neutral Reader, Jonathan Byers takes a spa day because why the fuck not, Light Masochism, No Sex, Older reader, Other, Pain, Reader is a perv and that's ok we all are it's gonna be ok, Reader-Insert, Smutty, Waxing, don't pretend you wouldn't eat Jailbait Johnny's ass like groceries, no sex just horny feels

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**Summary:**

Jonathan wants to feel pretty all over and you're more than happy to provide the service to him, but beauty is pain and maybe he likes it that way.

## Smooth

You didn't get too many guys in your salon, so when a cute but gangly 16 or 17-ish looking boy with shaggy hair stepped through the door, you were certain he was simply there to wait for his mother or sister or girlfriend who would be there shortly. You didn't have a scheduled client at the moment, and the green neon "Walk-In's Welcome" sign was lit up. Your eyes met his for a second, then he looked around the lobby at the displays of shampoo and nail products, anywhere except in your direction. Then he finally approached the desk, still looking down sheepishly at the floor, his hands in his pockets.

"Hello," you said. "How can I help you today?"

"Uh, I, I'd like a wax," he said, briefly looking up at you, his cheeks red with embarrassment.

Aha. You knew what this was about. The whole thing was a joke. Teenage boys sometimes do things like this, you thought. His friends must have put him up to it. Ha ha ha. Quite the prank.

"And what sort of waxing were you interested in today?" you asked, a hint of sarcasm in your voice, as if to test whether or not he was serious.

"Everything," he said, looking at you earnestly. "I'd like all my body hair removed, except my eyebrows and my head hair."

Well, this was a new one.

"I have to ask. Why? Are you trying out for the swim team or something?" you asked.

"No," he said, running his hand through his hair as though it were a nervous habit. "It's nothing like that, I just want to feel smooth."

"Alright," you said. It wasn't your place to judge. You opened the green binder you kept your clientele listed in and picked up a pen. "Your name?"

"Jonathan," he said.

"J-O-N-A-T-H-A-N," you read out as you jotted it down. "Last name?"

"Uh, Byers," he said. "B-Y-E-R-S."

You took down his phone number and address and closed the binder. Part of you was still skeptical about this guy's intentions. You had never waxed a male client before who wasn't looking for some sort of slim aerodynamic advantage in swimming or who wasn't of the hairy-back-and-unibrow persuasion. Still, while it was certainly unusual there was nothing wrong about it. You tried not to judge your clientele. You gestured for Jonathan to follow you back to the waxing room, located in the back corner behind the main salon.

"Jonathan, you will have to get completely undressed for this procedure. I will have to see you naked and touch you in places that are pretty personal. Are you sure you're comfortable with that?" you asked.

He just swallowed hard, and nodded.

"Alright, I'll leave you to it," you said. "Please remove everything you're wearing and wrap this towel around your waist. Knock on the door when you're done getting undressed." You poured the dark blue wax beans into the warmer and set it to the highest setting to speed heat it before stepping out of the room. You gathered the rest of your supplies while Jonathan removed his clothes. After a few minutes you heard a knock at the door, signaling he was ready for you. You stepped inside and there was Jonathan, standing naked wrapped in nothing a towel. His shoes and clothes sat in a heap on the floor. He was an attractive young man with sharp features, and a slender yet strong physique. You were not ogling him of course, as that would be rude and very unprofessional. Not to mention he was young, real young. The kind of young that would probably land you in jail if you weren't being careful. However, the first thing you notice about him is that aside from his legs and a happy-trail, he's not particularly hairy to begin with. Usually, on the rare occasion that a man wants a wax, it's because he's obscenely hirsute and his wife is sick of the mountain gorilla look. Jonathan, by comparison, would be easy to deal with.

The pot of dark blue wax was still melting in the warmer, and you stirred it so it got the right consistency. When it was ready, you brought the temperature down so that it wouldn't burn when you apply it. Jonathan was standing there awkwardly watching you, not sure what to do with his hands.

"Please lay down on the table, on your back, and put your arms up. We'll start with your underarms and go from there, OK?" you asked. Jonathan complied, situating himself onto the padded table in front of him. You put on some plastic gloves, got out the no-rinse cleansing solution and washed his arms and underarms, to remove any trace of sweat that would interfere with the wax taking hold. Jonathan stifled a giggle as you touched his armpit. "Sorry, I didn't mean to tickle you," you said.

You applied the talc powder and dusted it away, to further keep the area dry. You scooped up a portion of the wax onto the applicator stick, turning it so that it coated evenly. "This will sting a little," you warned.

Jonathan braced himself as you spread the hot wax over the hair on his left underarm, pressing down to make sure the wax touched all the hairs. "It's OK," he said, either to you or to reassure himself through the pain.

"It's not too hot, is it?" you asked. He shook his head.

You waited as the wax set, tapping it to check if it was firm. You lifted up a small corner of the pliable wax while holding down the pale, tender flesh of your young client's under arm. Jonathan gasps and screws his eyes shut as you rip the patch of wax in one fluid motion. You press your hand to the now hairless and pink skin, as if to calm it. "Ow," he said bluntly.

"We can stop if you're uncomfortable," you informed him.

"No," he said, catching his breath. "Keep going, please."

You nodded and gathered up another portion of wax to do the other side, with the same result. His forearms were easier to do, and typically less painful as the hair is less thick there and comes out

easily. He doesn't even wince as you remove the hair from his arms, now that he's built up a certain tolerance for the feeling. He puts his arms down at his sides again. There was almost no hair at all on his chest, beyond a few around his nipples. You carefully cleansed and powdered the area, noticing the goosebumps all over his skin and how hard his nipples were. It occurred to you that he could be some kind of a pervert who enjoyed hot wax on his body. If he was getting off on this at all, he was sure good at hiding it, as you noticed - from the corner of your eye of course - that there was nothing going on down there under his towel as of yet. Maybe he really did just like being smooth.

You applied some wax to the area around his nipples, a much smaller area to work with, yet very delicate and sensitive. The wax hardened and Jonathan braced himself for the pain as you peeled a corner of the wax upward, then quickly and firmly ripped out the hairs around his left nipple, then his right.

"Ah!" he hissed through his gritted teeth. You pressed down on the pink, hairless skin to calm it.

Jonathan had very hairy legs, and you knew they would take awhile to get done. He seemed like a very reserved person. You always had to gauge someone's personality when dealing with them, because some clients were talkers while others were not. Some treated you as much as a therapist as they did a beautician, telling you all their trials and tribulations. Jonathan was very quiet compared to most.

"Do you want to chat about anything? To take your mind off the pain?" you asked.

"Uh, no. Not really," he said. "No offense or anything. I mean, I don't mind talking, I'm just... not too interesting."

"Somehow I doubt that," you said wryly. A 17-year-old boy who liked full body waxes for no good reason, just because, had to be at least a little bit interesting. "What do you like to do for fun, Jonathan?"

You started his legs at the calves, working your way up. These hairs are a little looser than the hairs under the arms, and lift out fairly easily. The pain is minimal, comparable to ripping off a band-aid.

"Photography," he said between wax strips being ripped off of him. "I'm a photographer."

"See, that's interesting," you said, smiling to break a little of the awkwardness and put him more at ease. By the time you got to his left thigh, he wasn't wincing anymore. He became so used to the rip, rip, rip, of wax against his flesh. You maneuvered the towel he was wearing to get to the top of his upper thigh but it's still in the way. "I'm going to move this, OK?" you half-asked, half-informed. Jonathan just took a deep breath, swallowed and nodded his permission.

You unwrapped the towel from his middle, exposing him briefly and then folded it up so that it is covering his genitals again for the time being. You wondered for the briefest moment if you were the first person to see him naked and vulnerable like that, until you remember how unprofessional it is to think such things about your clients and pushed the thought from your mind. You had to admit, his now smooth, slender legs were definitely an improvement aesthetically. You finish up his thighs and prepare for the difficult part of this job.

"Now this part is going to hurt," you warn, before moving the towel from his genitals. Don't stare, don't stare, don't stare, don't stare, played over and over in your head like a mantra. Somehow, even with this gorgeous young man spread out naked before you, you managed to compose yourself and speak in your professional voice. "This is of course a very sensitive area to be applying hot wax to, as you can imagine. Please tell me at any point if you want to stop because it's uncomfortable for you or because it hurts too much."

Jonathan simply nodded his head and gripped the side of the table nervously. You grabbed the cleanser and carefully applied it to his happy trail, pubes, penis shaft and balls. His breathing picked up and he closed his eyes and scrunched his face up, and if you had to guess it was because he was willing himself to not get excited by being touched so lightly and gently there by you.

"If something happens, something embarrassing.." you started to say.

"I'm so sorry," he said in a whisper, looking away from you with his cheeks blushing.

"It's OK," you said. "But if it happens, I don't want you to worry about it. I won't be offended, or disgusted, or yell at you, or ask you to leave. I know the human body can sometimes have a mind of its own." He sighed in relief. You were being honest, though. If Jonathan Byers popped a boner on your waxing table, it would certainly not be the worst thing that happened to you at work.

You spread the wax over his happy trail, going all through his pubes to the beginning of his shaft, in a long stripe. This hair was thick and difficult to remove, and you're careful to coat it evenly and press down so the wax reaches every single hair in its path. His bush was pretty dense. The wax cooled enough to lift it, and you held his skin taut while ripping upward in several short motions this time.

"Ah!" he breathed out in a hiss, quietly, again through his teeth.

You press down your hand on the pink, hairless skin to calm it. "OK?" you asked.

Jonathan nodded. "I'm fine," he said. "Please keep going."

You cleared out the rest of his pubes strip by strip, and Jonathan watched with rapt attention through panting breaths and gritted teeth, marveling at the smooth skin you were helping uncover. There were only a few stray hairs toward the bottom of the shaft of his penis. The flesh there was darker and contrasted with the paleness of the rest of him, as was anatomically expected. You carefully handled him, not wanting to linger there too long. Well, it wasn't so much that you didn't want to touch him there. You did, very much so if you were being honest with yourself. Just not in this context. You kept a firm hold on his foreskin as you ripped off the wax, removing the stray hairs from the shaft of his pink cock.

Jonathan cried out, whelping in pain like a wounded animal.

"Are you alright?" you asked, your hand still calming the now hairless, reddened skin. You felt him getting fuller there, like he was starting to get a little hard. Oh god. It took everything you had to hold yourself together and not to get aroused by this beautiful boy with his stiffening cock in your hand. He was so beautiful and you felt sorry for him, because whatever this was for him, it wasn't

exactly normal.

You tried not to look down, and kept your eyes on his face.

He swallowed, the beginning of tears forming in his eyes. "I'm OK," holding back a slight sob. "I swear, I'm OK. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Just, don't stop."

You sighed and nodded. You hated to see the poor kid in pain, even if he enjoyed it. You did as your client instructed and made your way to his balls. His balls were sporadically hairy, and sort of heavy like he hadn't... you know, in awhile. Maybe he was saving it up for this experience. Maybe he was going to run to his car and jerk off furiously into an old gym sock in the parking lot like a sex-crazed, masochistic pervert. Ahhhhhh! You hated to be thinking these thoughts at work, with a client, and with a client who was so damn young but he was making it hard for you to think straight, laying there like that with his flushed cheeks and his panting and his cock getting hard. Jesus Christ.

Bad thought, bad thought, bad, bad, bad, you repeated in your mind like a mantra.

You took off your wax-stained gloves and squirted some aloe gel into your bare hands, warming it a bit between your palms before working it into the hairless skin of his lower abdomen. Picking up his half-stiff cock and sliding the gel up and down the shaft.

"Does that feel better, Jonathan?" you asked, looking him directly in the eyes. God.

His lips were parted and he was panting. "Yeah," he said, in a breathy whisper, his head rolling back as he bit his lip to hold back a moan. Shit. You released his cock from your hand and he whined a bit. You squirted more aloe onto you palms rubbed it into his balls, his upper thighs and legs, finally to his armpits and forearms.

"It should help you cool down," you said, trying, in vain to keep this all professional. "While we prepare for the next position."

He wanted a full wax. Everything. Everything, everything. That



meant he would have to get on his hands and knees on your waxing table with his cute little ass in the air. His cute little ass in your face. You would be seeing more of him than probably anyone ever has. Lord give you strength.

"Jonathan, I need you to turn over for me," you said calmly. "And sit up on your hands and knees, with your legs slightly apart so I can get to where I need to go. Can you do that, please?"

"Y-yes," he said, hesitantly. You doubted very highly that anyone had ever seen him bent over like this before. You grabbed a fresh pair of gloves and sunk an applicator stick into the vat of blue wax, coating it well and making your plan of attack. His ass cheeks themselves were not very hairy, just his crack and his taint was.

"If it's uncomfortable, let me know, OK?" you said.

"O-OK," he responded. He was gripping the soft padded cover of the table with his hands.

You applied the wax on the inside of his asscheek, nearing his hole.

"Ahh.." he said. You weren't sure if it was in pain or enjoyment. You knew better than to ask. You waited for the wax to become firm, lifted it slightly, held the skin of his ass taut and ripped upward.

"Uhh," he grunted. That time, you were pretty sure, not 100% but pretty sure, it was a sound of pleasure. You felt flustered. It's not like you could kick him out of here at this point even if you wanted to, which you didn't. Plus, you promised him you wouldn't. You liked to keep your word.

"Alright?" you asked, holding your gloved hand against the inside of his ass cheek, touching his pretty hole with the side of it.

"Yeah.." he said.

You did the other side, and all the rest, and it pretty much went like you'd expect. You rubbed the aloe all over his ass, all over his hole-this time you kept your gloves on. He kind of squirmed a little bit when you touched him there. Fuck.

You handed him a handheld mirror so he could see the work you had done. He hopped off the table and had a good look at himself. Everything was smooth and pink, from his ass to his chubby cock. The whole ordeal was over, and it was like, he didn't want to make eye contact with you now because now it was suddenly too awkward. He handed the mirror back to you and said "Great," under his breath. He was blushing. Through it all, you kept your demeanor professional as hell, all things considered. He had no idea what you were thinking about or feeling about him. He had no idea he would now have a place in your inappropriate thoughts, probably forever.

"Well, I'll let you get dressed. Come to the front desk when you're ready," you said, smiling politely.

You left the room and closed the door, and sighed. Jesus.

He paid for his wax and left, looking away from you and not saying a word.

You never did find out why Jonathan really liked being as smooth as a dolphin. Did he have a girlfriend who liked him that way? Maybe he just enjoyed the feeling of smooth, hairless skin? Maybe he really was a masochist who enjoyed the pain of you ripping the hair out of his body? Probably. You never talked about the sexual aspect of it. And it never, ever got less awkward between you. He was always coming into your salon and popping boners on your waxing table. You didn't make him feel bad about it, either. And he starred in a lot of your inappropriate off-duty thoughts, that's for damn sure. You didn't know what his deal was really, and you didn't think it was right to ask even though he became a regular client for some time, until he moved out of state for college. You were fine with not knowing, but he was so unusual, you did always wonder about him.